

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER BY LT.

D. E. TOTTEN, U. S. M. C.

"The afternoon of flying passed uneventful until I returned from the last flight at 6:30 P. M. I entered the traffic circle correctly at 500 feet of altitude, pushed the hydraulic power control and lowered the landing-gear control handle on the left side of the cockpit. Nothing happened! 'Plane west of the hangers from Kingsville North tower—lower your wheels, lower your wheels, over' came a voice through my earphones. I placed the landing-gear control lever in the emergency down position and called the tower 'North tower, this is Fourteen Charlie 387—my wheels are locked in the up position, over'. '387 from tower—stand by.'

I circled the field and climbed up out of the traffic, rocking my wings violently in an effort to free my wheels. Circling and climbing, I heard, '387 from tower—we are sending a man up to look at your wheels. Try to shake them out with snap maneuvers'. Then came a series of acrobatics—some I'd never before done in an SNJ, since they were restricted due to structural stress. I snap-rolled (restricted) both to the right and the left, and still the wheel position indicators said "up". I did a spin to the right, no avail. A steep pull-out will usually shake out stuck wheels, so I tried several, blacking myself out each time. By this time, everyone on the field knew what was up, and a large crowd had gathered, peering skyward. The other plane came up, joined on me in formation position, then stepped down to look at my wheels. They looked O. K. I tested my flaps and the hydraulic system was O. K. too. I was getting a reading besides. Then came the final test.

At 5000 feet I pushed the stick straight forward and pointed the nose down in a vertical power dive. The hand on the airspeed indicator began to climb—150 MPH—180—200—225—250. The hand passed the red line of restricted diving speed and kept going—275—300—320 miles an hour. The roar was terrific and the plane was screaming at that speed. I pulled straight back on the stick and thought the wings were going to come off. My vision went out like a light and every loose ounce of flesh on me weighed five fold. I squashed down in the seat as if I weighed 750 pounds instead of my 170. When I came to, the nose was pointing straight up and my airspeed was 65 M. P. H. I kicked her over into a wingover and leveled out, looking at my wheel position indicators. Still up!

Twilight was closing in and I knew I was going to have to attempt a wheels up landing. There was danger of fire should the gas tanks explode. On the field below I could see the red fire engine and the white ambulance with its big red cross. I dropped down into the traffic circle, now alone, as all other planes were in. Fastening my safety-harness, I made a final swing around the field. The crash truck and "meat wagon" were standing by ready to pull us out of the wreckage. I could see "Asbestos Joe", covered head to foot in his fire suit, standing out white against the red fire engine. "This is it, Bub", I said to myself as I chopped the throttle and turned into the wind for a final approach. Flaps down, my old altimeter

wardly tranquil. I hope to see more of him.

Otherwise, my "up-time" I spend mostly "bull-sessioning" with the two younger male patients, Malcolm Wimmer and Leslie Davis, or walk in the woodland or with the girls (not in the woodland and chaperoned by a nurse—shucks!) We do have many young and pretty girls here, but the "young and handsome males" are not permitted in their ward. I reckon the nurses think we are wolves, but in reality we are lambs (I know they won't believe me.)

Pasimatysim,

Vyts - Fin.

AND THOSE YOU LEFT BEHIND (MOSTLY ABOUT CIVVIES)

Under the caption "Juggers Heinie! Der Lt. Lenard on the loose again" The Chicago Daily News carried a very praising front page story about Lt. Casimir Lenard and his exploits directing French Tank Artillery in sign language (for which he got the Croix De Guerre), and decorated for conspicuous gallantry in Sicily which attack he initiated. The Lenard's Restaurant, in the heart of Chicago's Little Poland, has a warm place in the hearts of all Northwesterners and Int. House people where we always gathered to partake in the delicious foods and dance to the three-piece concert orchestra the beloved old world dances. Viennese waltzes, Hungarian csardases, Polish polkas, krakowiaks, kujawiaks, obereks and mazureks. As the Poles would say, I too reflect longingly "Ach, Matka Boska! Czestochowska" (Oh, Mother of God of Chenstohowa), but that won't transplant Lenard's to the South... The Peltons (both Int. Hse.) moved to Pasadena at the foot of Mt. Wilson with its observatories Little Katherine (Nee Schaible) and Allen still have a folk dance group, and what more?—Plenty of male partners, which they get from C. O. camps and the Cal. Inst. of Technology... Ruta Bruzas-Baskis (LYS) says, "The reason she can't join the Shakar-Makar is because she only weighs 170 lbs." That's what she wrote! She did! (The Shakar-Makar is a group of "Zaftig heftyies" who tip the scale of 200 lbs. (so they say) and sing folk songs as they were sung among Lithuanian peasantry. Real McCoy)... Doris Rose (LYS) has now had over two months of nurses training at the Wis. Gen. Hospital in Madison, and writes "I just simply love it. I don't think I've ever been so happy. So far I've worked on Pediatrics, medicine and diets. I think I like the nursery in the Pediatrics best. I had some adorable babies to take care of." Now listen, adorable baby, those infants don't appreciate your love, you better switch your attention to the big boys recovering from injuries received on fighting front, and boy oh boy! Will they ever be grateful!... On July 30th a Plaque was dedicated to Chester Wilchynski (NWUH), who has been missing for over a year, by the neighborhood scout troop, of which troop, his and our friend Edwin Droszc is leader. Chester spent much of his time in Indian reservations of Wisconsin. He mastered well their dances and understood their way of life. He danced often at the Nook and the N. W. festivals. He was a quiet and well-liked lad. Miss Vittum was present at the dedication and delivered a Eulogy. We still hope he will be found among the living. God grant it so... Lil Cinskaskas (LYS) is training a group of girls for an October Variety Show. She did a similar job so well last spring that now she was called upon again. Mexican, Hula, Irish and gay-90 dances are being prepared. Lil and Mom moved to a new residence and is busy fixing it up... The "Ideal Couple" Mr. and Mrs. Kaczmarek (NWUH) Divorced! It sure will be a surprise to many Northwesterners... The N. W. Players regret to learn of the death of Mr. Kaszubski on August 6th. Requiem Eternam!... Mr. B. L. Sarett did not have a very pleasant summer this year with two serious operations (May and August) as his share, which, we are happy to inform, were very successful. Charlotte and Miriam managed to spend the summer in Hudson Lake, Ind. That's the same lake where we nearly lost our Al Lankus, some four years ago when he became entwined amid the sea weeds mid-lake. We all sure were trembling until he was revived. Presently, Al was recently transferred out West and Helen sped to join him.

FAIRHOPE

Grand Hotel, the most picturesque and modern hotel in the South, whose sprawling structure represents the last word in architecture and comfort, and recognized the nation over as the outstanding summer resort, is now a special Marine training center (I wish Kazy were there)... The USO too is in "Class" since it moved to the Country Club on the golf links. And the Service men get to play golf as well. For the USO work in Fairhope all are indebted to Mrs. T. Klumpp, who is an unceasing worker toward its success. She also gathers and chaperons groups of girls and takes them to the near by training fields in Pensacola, Florida, Barin Field, Ft. Morgan and Brookley, when those places sponsor socials and are in need of girl partners. Mrs. Klumpp is herself the mother of two boys in service, T. J. Klumpp Jr. now in So. Pacific, and Bernie, who has been inducted recently. To Mrs. Klumpp and her co-operative co-workers a hearty cheer... Jean Gaston Woodward and her bouncing red-head son of one year, spent most of the summer in Fairhope visiting her parents and sister Fuzzy (Louise). The festive spirit was heightened further when Lt. Jimmy Gaston arrived on a three week furlough. A regular family reunion. I betcha Piney was exclaiming "Happy Days." The Woodward's are residing in Princeton, N. J., where Mr. Woodward is doing work in the RCA research library... Ronald Casebere, Jimmy's nephew from Dayton, Ohio, who spent last summer studying at the SOE, spent this summer helping the war effort with the Delco Co., packing shock absorbers for shipment across the seas... Bobby Cowles was finally inducted after almost two years of trying. He must have eaten plenty of bananas. Good luck to him... The Paysons, before settling in Chicago where Mr. Payson will study for the Ministry, spent a while in the enchanting 'Dunes of Indiana, near Michigan City... They have Monsoons in India-Burma, but for three weeks in August we were all wet around here too, which rain I call "Nuisoons"... Wedding bells rang for our lovable Lorena Goodrich to Milan Northrop, also of Fairhope, on August 7th at the Christian Church. Lorena taught the Arts and Crafts at the Or-

began to unwind as I approached the grass to the left on the runway. The airspeed began settling back to 80, then 70. I leveled off about ten feet off the ground, reached forward and cut the electric switches, and pulled the nose up and stalled. A split second later we hit and were showered by a cloud of dirt. We skidded about twenty feet and stopped; it was like jamming on brakes at 70 miles an hour and stopping in 20 feet. Unfastening the safety harness, both the cadet and I stepped out, unscratched! Of course the prop was all bent and the flaps damaged, but there was no fire."

IT'S THE TRUTH!

ORDERS

A Negro sergeant at Camp Claiborne, La., assembled his company and barked an order: "From now on when I blow the whistle, I want to see one great big cloud of dust boilin' out of those tents. An' when that dust clears away, I want to find three rows of statues."

CONGRATULATOR'S TIP

A wartime ruling prohibits congratulatory telegrams. But it couldn't stop an army officer named Smith, after he had been advised his wife had presented him with twins. His telegram read:

"Your contract satisfactorily completed. Wholesale lot small items especially good. Cease production until further advice from Smith."

MILITARY EUPHEMISM

A Tokyo broadcast explaining the situation on the Russian front, recently overheard by U. S. government monitors. Said the shrewd Jap analyst: "The Soviet defense in the Southern sector is now aiming to disturb the German withdrawal." Goebbels himself couldn't do better.

GENTLEMAN

New Haven, Conn.—A woman shopper dropped a package on a busy sidewalk and walked on a few paces before turning to pick it up. A helpful man kicked it ahead a few feet so she wouldn't have so far to walk back. She smiled her thanks, he tipped his hat and walked away.

NAME PLEASE

Tucson, Ariz.—One detail was missing in an order from a soldier in England to a Tucson florist. He specified the number and type of roses, the inscription for the card and the exact time and day for delivery, but he forgot to name the girl.

HINT ON SHARKS

New York—The Navy, in a booklet entitled "Shark Sense", tells its aviators who are downed in the ocean how to protect themselves from sharks.

"Swim out of the line of his charge, grab a pectoral fin as he goes by and ride with him as long as you can hold your breath," the booklet advises. By the time the person so doing is out of breath "the shark may lose his viciousness" continues the booklet hopefully.

MILITARY SECRET

Binghamton, N. Y. — "Give you the name of my husband? I should say not. You'd draft him," exclaimed a woman telephoning the draft board to learn if her mate would be drafted next month.

THE GORGEOUS MARINE

The United States Marine is a phenomenon who looks ten times better than a soldier, talks like a sailor, fights like a wildcat and thinks like a prince of the royal blood. Always a modest fel-

ganic summer camp. She is an excellent artist, a girl scout leader, a Folk Festival vet, industrious and charming.... Her better half is a Merchant Mariner 2nd Mate and an active member at the Christian Church where he played the piano. To both our sincerest wishes for a most happy wedded life. . . . Our charming SOE reporter, Edna Rockwell, spent her vacation with relatives in Crystal Springs, Miss. . . . Carolyn and Eloise Nichols did their part toward the war effort working at the Alabama Shipyards. Carolyn as an electrician's helper (of all things!) and Eloise rode the bike from one counter to the other supplying the cash registers with small change. She'd be the right girl to go out with. . . . Peggy Wood, Carolyn Lester and Roberta Nye are preparing to leave for the Georgia College for Women, while Carolyn Nichols and Marian Huffman plan to attend the Millsap College at Jackson, Miss. Good luck in your studies, gals. . . . Beautiful Aline Stapleton Riggs, left Red Bank, N. J., near where Steve is stationed and is now in Fairhope where Steve is expected to join her soon on his furlough.

low, the Marine describes himself as a soldier "that can read and write."

The United States Marine will tell you with, or without provocation, that he is the best looking, toughest, most intelligent, most polished, and most valuable member of the armed forces. When he hears that one third of the nation is poorly clothed, poorly housed, and poorly educated, he knows that the third is the Army, Navy and the U. S. Coast Guard.

Although from year to year the plumage of this bird has become less and less bright, even today a full dressed Marine is a sight to dazzle all who look upon him. In any shortage of electrical power you could suspend him from a lamp post and he could supply enough light for his duller looking competitors to read a newspaper at a distance of four blocks. This splendid spectacle, this symphony of blues and whites, of reds and golds, is fading fast away, leaving the Marine only his personal beauty, his proud physique, his pretty phiz to lead magnificence to the American home.

The Marine is extremely proud that he is an amphibious creature. Get him to take off his shoes, and what do you see? Web feet!

When a Marine is inside or has no hat on, he doesn't salute officers. When he is outside and salutes, his officers smile very pleasantly as they return his salute and say, "Good Morning." or some such thing. "There goes a member of the most efficient fighting force in the world." He says.

Although it is almost unbelievable, this glamour boy actually does KP (Mess duty to him). They put on their herringbone twill coveralls and work in the galley for a month at a time. Unlike the most prosaic soldier, he gets \$5.00 a month for the cost of any dishes he might break. If he breaks no dishes the \$5.00 is clear profit, and the U. S. Marine wins again!

All is not peaches and cream for a Marine. He gets far less liberty than the sailor or soldier and the three day pass doesn't mean as much to him, since half the time must be used in making himself as pretty as possible. When he leaves the barracks he must pass the inspection of two full length mirrors just inside the front door. The remainder of his leave must be used to the best advantage informing his family, his girl, his old boss and any unprotected civilian he might capture, just what a great and wonderful thing the U. S. Marine Corps is, and how lucky they are to know a member of this Corps. To make his spell more effective, a good Marine always has about him a fresh newspaper clipping headed something like this: "Army Lt. Goes Over Hill To Join The Marines." and at least one pad of notes to prompt himself on just how the Ma-

rine Corps, singlehanded, won every battle that the United States was ever engaged in.

The Marine does not overlook the value of the Army, Navy or the Coast Guard. He knows that they were established and maintained to show by contrast the greatness, the wisdom, the courage and the beauty of the United States Marine Corps.

Tanx to
Sgt. Mordy Arnold, USMC
Cherry Point, N. C.

FINNY'S FUNNIES CHINESE TALK

1	2
Nice night	Settle down,
In June.	Married life.
Stars shine,	Happy man
Big moon.	Happy wife.
In park,	Another night
On bench,	In June,
With girl	Stars shine
In clinch,	Big moon.
Me say,	Ain't happy
"Me love."	No more.
She coo	Carry baby,
Like dove.	Walk floor.
Me smart,	Wife mad,
Me fast.	She cuss.
Never let	Me mad,
Chance pass.	Me cuss.
"Get hitched"	Life one
Me say.	Big spat.
She say	Nagging wife,
"O. K."	Bawling brat.
Wedding bells	Realize
Ring, ring,	At last,
Honeymoon,	Me too
Everything.	Damn fast.

Tanx to
Lil Cinskaskas

"What's the matter Mary?"
"I've got rheumatism in my muscles."
"You ought to visit a masseur."
"What's that?"
"A man who pinches you all over."
"Oh, you mean a marine."

Californian—"The lilacs in our state grow as big as poplars."
Alabamian—"I wish I could lilac that."

"Is this the Salvation Army?"
"Yes."
"Do you save bad women?"
"Yes."
"Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."
"Run for your life. It's an air raid."
"Wait, let me get my false teeth!"
"What do you think they are dropping, sandwiches?"

Sweet young voice in the dark: "Okay, okay, So you can read me like a book! But do you have to use the Braille system."